

POLICE

COMICS

MAY
NO.19

10¢



PLASTIC MAN
CERTAINLY IS
ON THE SPOT
THIS TIME!



YO' SAID IT,
MIST' SPIRIT
BOSS!



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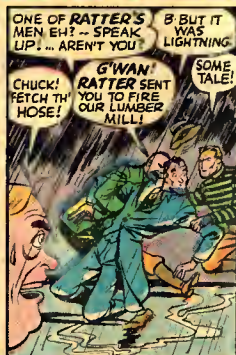
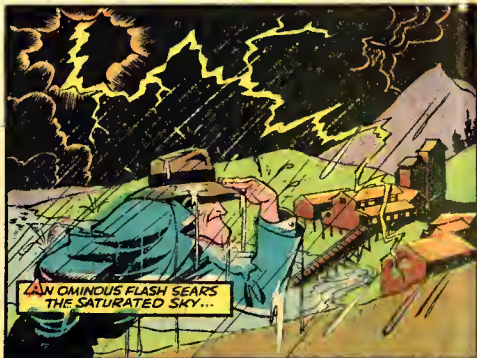
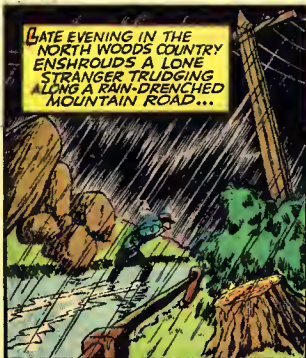
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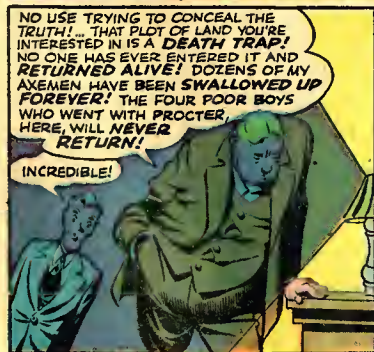
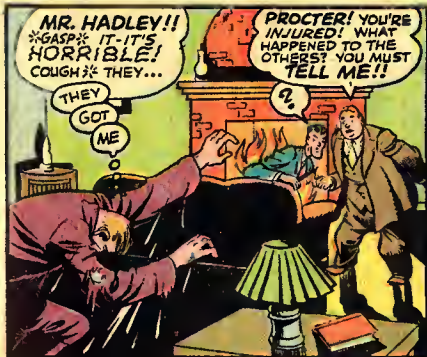
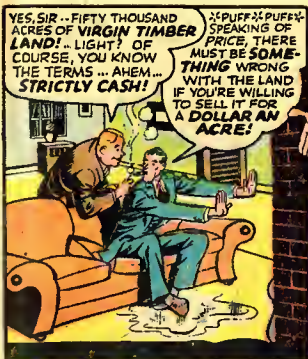


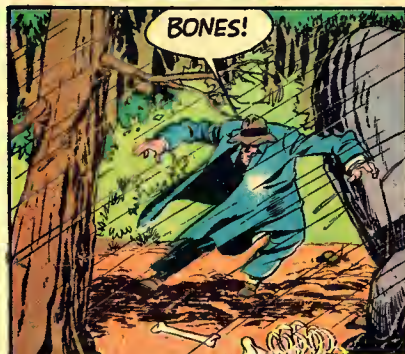
PLASTIC MAN

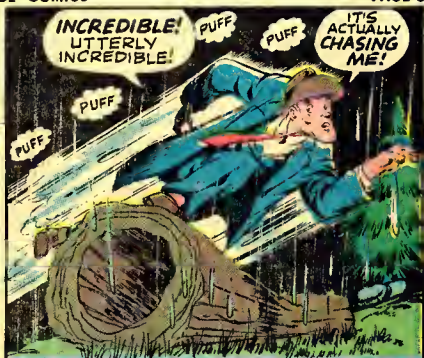
by JACK COLE

"I THINK THAT I
SHALL NEVER SEE
A POEM LOVELY
AS A TREE..."
WE WONDER WHAT
JOYCE KILMER WOULD
HAVE WRITTEN HAD HE
SEEN THE **FOREST
OF FEAR!**... A PLACE
SO FANTASTICALLY
GRUESOME THAT ANY
ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE
ITS HORRORS WOULD
FALL SHORT OF THE
TRUE PICTURE!
SO WITHOUT FURTHER
ADD, WE GIVE YOU
THE **FOREST
OF FEAR!**

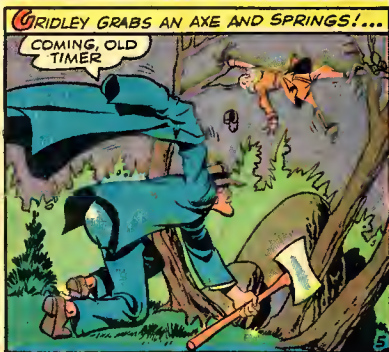








BY THE TIME GRIDLEY HAS LOST HIS ASSAILANT, THE RAIN HAS CEASED... THEN, IN THE MOON'S LIGHT, HE SEES--



WITH AN ASTOUNDING LEAP, HE CUTS POP FREE...

THAT BETTER?

THANK Y', SON, WHO-EVER Y'ARE!

GRIDLEY BOUNDS FROM TREE TO TREE HACKING, EVER HACKING!

THE DEVILS ARE ALMOST HUMAN!

HOWSIT, POPS?... ALL IN ONE PIECE?

YAY MAN!... LOOKIT THEM GO!... HE'S GOT 'EM ON TH' RUN! YEH, I'M OKAY... C'MON, STRANGER!

DE BLOKE'S KEELED OVER FROM SHEER EXHAUSTION!

HOW A MAN COULD MAKE THE LEAPS HE MADE IS BEYOND ME!

WE SURE OWE HIM A DEBT OF GRATITUDE!

LOOKA HEE'S FACE... SHE'S A CHANGING!

SURE ENOUGH!... GRIDLEY'S FACE CHANGES FROM THIS...

...TO THIS...

...TO THIS IN ONE MINUTE!

C'MON, HELP HIM --- GEE! I BROKE 'IM!

WHY--HE MUST BE PLASTIC MAN!

HUH? SOMEONE CALL ME?

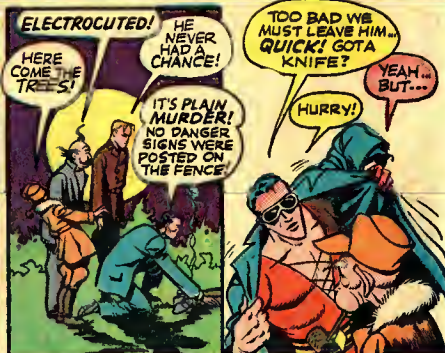


TONY YELLS:

RUN FOR DA LIVES!... DA TREES-SHE'S COMIN' BACK!



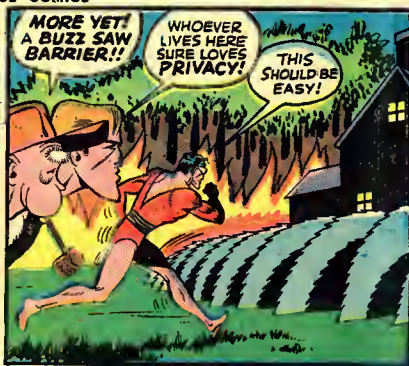
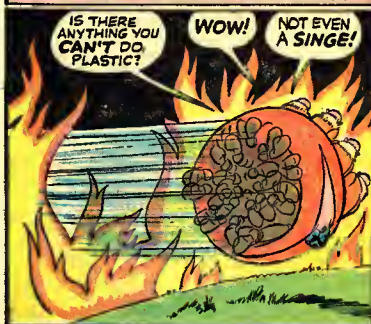
AFTER A WILD SCRAMBLE, THEY REACH AN OPENING...



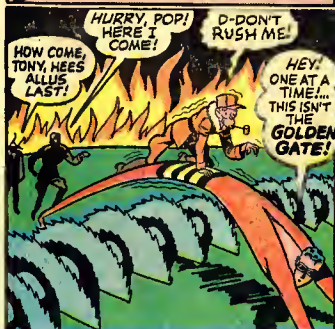
SCALING THE NOW "DEAD" FENCE, THE MEN MEET WITH A NEW BARRIER, WHICH SPRINGS FROM THE GROUND!



UNDAUNTED, THE INDIA RUBBER MAN ENVELOPES THE MEN AND ROLLS THROUGH...



SOON A HUMAN BRIDGE SPANS THE SAWS...

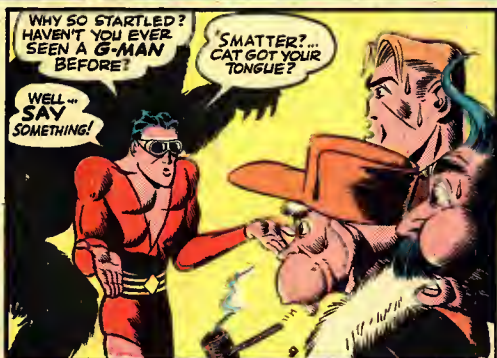
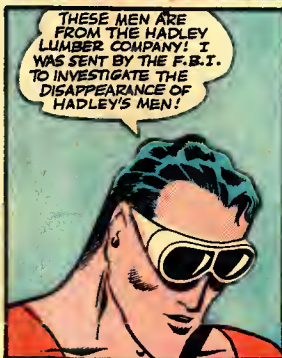
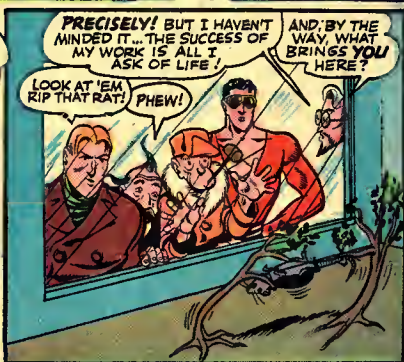
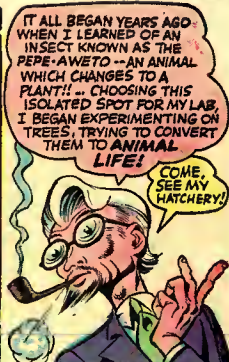
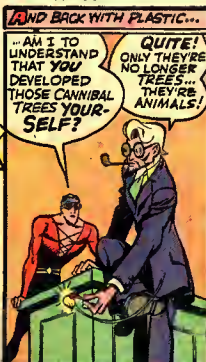
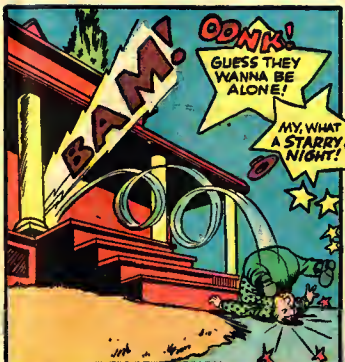


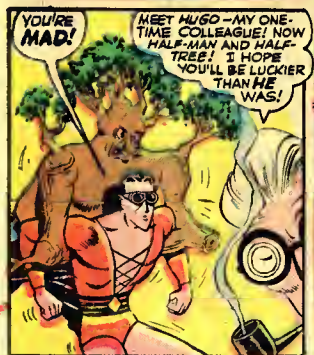
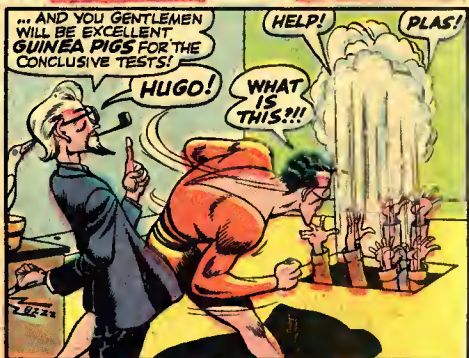
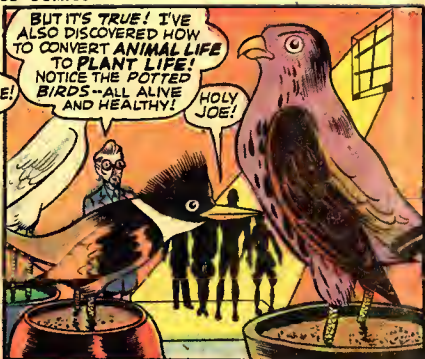
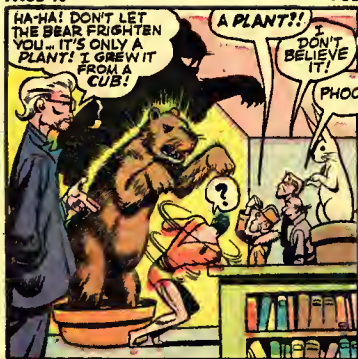
MEANWHILE, PLASTIC'S FRIEND WOOLY WINKS PLOPS UP A SOGGY MILL ROAD...

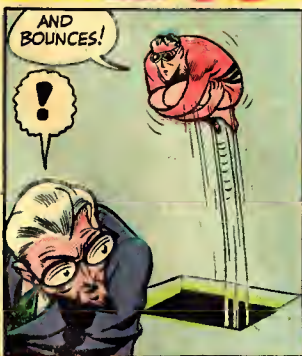
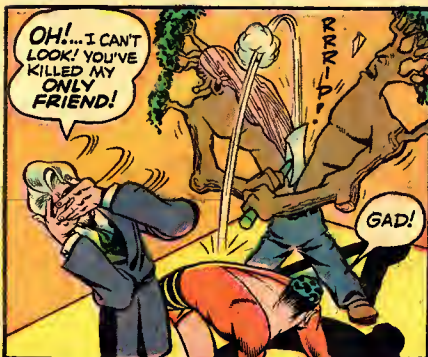


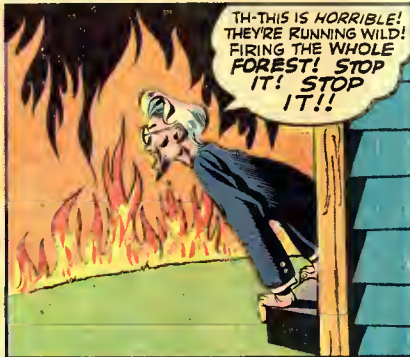
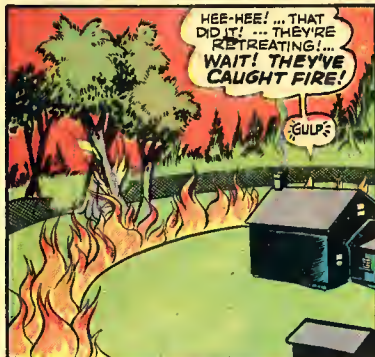
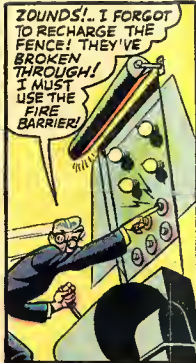
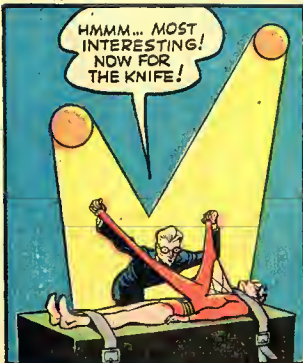
MADLEY AND RATTER ARE STILL AT IT WHEN HE ARRIVES...



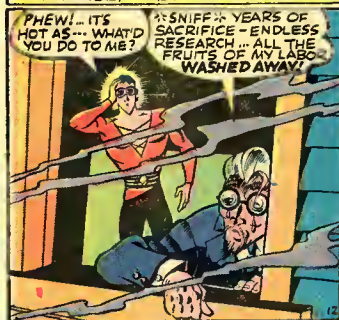








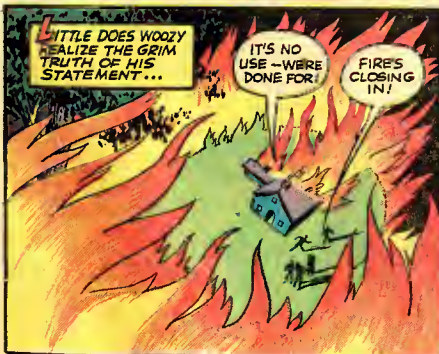
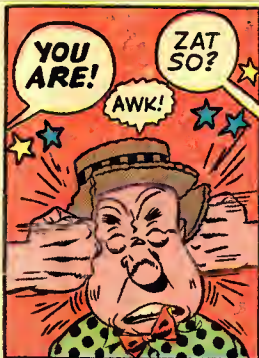
AS THE ROARING INFERNO GROWS INTENSE, PLASTIC MAN REVIVES!



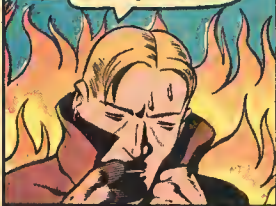
WHILE, BACK AT THE LUMBER MILL ...



BUT... BOSS!...
HADLEY!!...
FOREST FIRE!!!



THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST SAY BEFORE I DIE... **YOU ARE LOOKING AT A THIEF!** YEARS AGO I STOLE **TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!** AND ALL FOR A WOMAN! **MY WIFE!** HER LOVE OF LUXURIES DROVE ME TO IT... SHE TOOK THE MONEY AND DESERTED ME WHEN I DECIDED TO RETURN IT... I'VE LIVED A **HAUNTED LIFE EVER SINCE....**



...DEATH IS A WELCOME RELIEF TO ME! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT **TORTURE A GUILTY CONSCIENCE** CAN BE!

TONY KNOWS!



TONY, HE'S A MURDERER... KILLED HIS OWN FATHER! THERE WAS A DA FIGHT... FATHER, HE'S A BEATIN' MAMA 'TIL DA BLOOD SHE RUNS!... **LITTLE TONY LOSE TEMPER!** HIT FATHER WITH POKER... **HE DIE!**... TONY RUN AWAY... TOO SCARED TO GIVA HIMSELF UP!

TONY NEVER SEE HIS MAMA AGAIN!



I ONLY HOPE DEAR MAMA SHE FORGIVE TONY FOR THIS TERRIBLE THING!

MOTHERS ALWAYS DO, TONY! MINE DID, EVEN THOUGH I DISGRACED HER TO AN EARLY GRAVE... YES, I TOO, HAVE A PAST! ONE STREWN WITH CHEATING AND SWINDLING... I'VE BEEN A REFORMED FUGITIVE FORTY YEARS!



IRONICAL, ISN'T IT, PLASTIC MAN? ... A SWINDLER, THIEF MURDERER, AND A CRIMINAL SCIENTIST - ALL WITHIN YOUR GRASP - AND YOU ARE POWERLESS TO ACT!

WOULD IT SURPRISE YOU IF I SAID I HAD NO MORAL RIGHT TO ACT?



RIGHT NOW, I'M WANTED IN EIGHT STATES FOR VARIOUS CRIMES!! IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY... BOY ORPHAN... BAD COMPANY... PETTY CRIMES... LATER, BIG CRIMES... I WAS A PUBLIC RAT! THEN CAME THE ACCIDENT THAT MADE ME PLASTIC MAN... I DECIDED TO QUIT THE GAME, CHANGE MY FACE AND FIGHT FOR JUSTICE!



BUT EVEN NOW, WHEN I RELAX MY MUSCLES, MY FACE WILL RESUME --AS YOU SAW IT DO TONIGHT --ITS ORIGINAL FEATURES.. THE FACE OF GANGSTER **EEL OBRIAN...** **PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE!**

EEL OBRIAN!

GOOD GRIEF!



THIS IS THE END, MEN!

ONLY A MIRACLE FROM ABOVE COULD SAVE US NOW!





A DAD WOOLZY EXPLAINS...

...AND THEN I CALLED THE FOREST RANGERS AND WE JUST SET OUT A-HUNTIN' THE REST YOU KNOW!

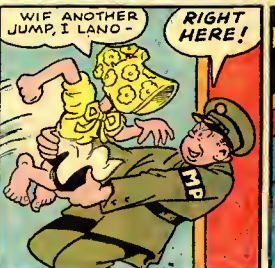
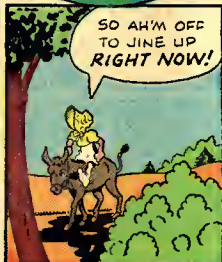
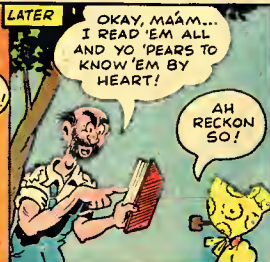
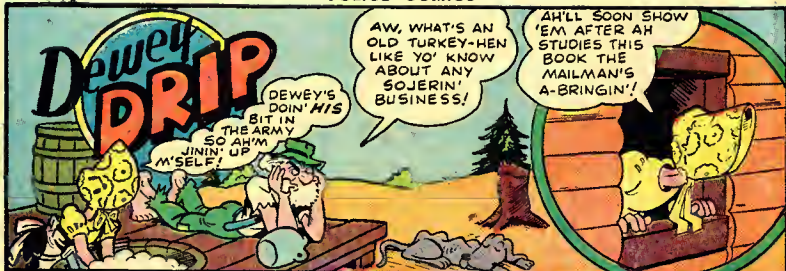


A SHORT WHILE LATER...



AND SO, FOUR MEN BURY THEIR PASTS WITH EACH OTHER AND FACE THE FUTURE WITH EYES AHEAD AND A NEW OUTLOOK ON LIFE!

AND WHAT ARE FRIENDS RATHER AND **HADLEY** DOING? PROBABLY STILL KICKING THE **TAR** OUT OF EACH OTHER!



THE SPIRIT



AUTUMN HAS GIVEN WAY TO WINTER... A COLD RAIN THAT POURS STEADILY FROM A MIDNIGHT SKY TURNS THE CROOKED ROAD LEADING UP MYSTERY MOUNTAIN INTO A WINDING RIBBON OF MUD..... AIDED BY ITS POWERFUL HEADLIGHTS WHICH PICK OUT EVERY TREACHEROUS TURN, *THE SPIRIT'S AUTOPLANE* PLOWS UP THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE TOWARD THE SUMMIT WHERE A SOLITARY HOUSE STANDS IN WEATHER-BEATEN MAJESTY AGAINST THE SKY.....



C. CAN'T WE COME UP HEAH IN THE MAWNIN'?

NO!!.. NOW, FOR THE LAST TIME I'M TELL-ING YOU, EBONY... WE **MUST FIND** SOME TRACE OF MR. CLACH'S WILL BEFORE MORNING!



IF WE DON'T, **NIFTY NICK** THE GAMBLER, WHO TOOK OVER THE **MORTGAGE** AFTER MR. CLACH DISAPPEARED 10 YEARS AGO, WILL **FORECLOSE** ... AND TURN THE OLD HOUSE INTO A NIGHT-CLUB AND GANG HIDEOUT!

YASSUH.. AH KNOWS YO' WANTS TH' **STATE OLD FOLKS HOME** TO GIT IT, BUT MIDNIGHT AIN'T NO

PROPER TIME TO SEARCH FO' SECRET PAPERS IN A **HAUNTED HOUSE!**



YES, COME TO THINK OF IT, THIS **WOULD** MAKE A SWELL OPENING SCENE FOR A HORROR MOVIE.. WE SURE COULD **DIE** HAVE THE **REAL THING!** HA-HA-HA!

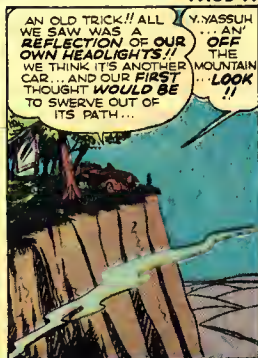
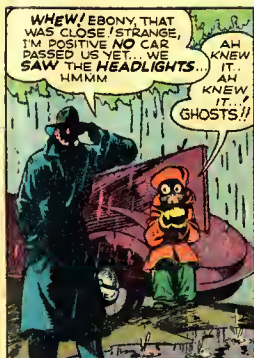
HA HA-AH-AH COULD **DIE** LAUGHING!!

SUDDENLY...JUST BEFORE THE HOUSE, TWO HEADLIGHTS RUSH OUT OF THE DARKNESS TO MEET THEM.....



DESPERATELY *THE SPIRIT* SWERVES TO AVOID A CRASH...RUNNING THE *AUTOPLANE* INTO A DITCH.....





THE LIBRARY MUST BE IN HERE... THE FAMILY BIBLE SHOULD CONTAIN SOME PAPERS... MAYBE A WILL!



IN THE LIBRARY THE SPIRIT SEARCHES IN VAIN.

WELL, I GUESS NIFTY NICK GETS THIS PLACE AFTER ALL... NOT A TRACE OF A WILL...

D.D. DON'T LOOK NOW, MIST SPIRIT. BUT A HAND IS C.C. COMIN'.



WITH THE SPEED OF A PANTHER THE SPIRIT WHIPS ABOUT...

QUICK, EBONY! THROW THE FLASH-LIGHT THIS WAY!!



WELL, WELL... THIS IS GETTING TO BE FUN!!

SOME FUN!



I'LL PLAY SOME TRICKS MYSELF. HERE, GET ME THAT CLOTHES-TREE... TIE THIS PIECE OF STRING TO THE BASE... NOW, TAKE THIS DOWN TO THE END OF THE HALL...

WHAT?



D. DOWN THERE??



AND WITH THE SPIRIT PULLING THE CLOTHES-TREE ALONGSIDE HIM, EBONY WALKS SLOWLY UP THE OLD CORRIDOR.



SUDDENLY A SLIDING PANEL OPENS... AND A POWERFUL FIGURE LEADS UPON **THE SPIRIT'S EFFIGY...**



THE SPIRIT LEAPS...



BUT THE ASSAILANT PROVES TOO STRONG, EVEN FOR **THE SPIRIT..**



SUDDENLY...

SAM!!



AND THE MAN HALTS...HE RISES MECHANICALLY....



YOU MUST EXCUSE MY BROTHER...YOU SEE, HE'S NOT...ER... **RIGHT!**

WHY...!! **STEVEN** CLACH!!... I THOUGHT YOU WERE **DEAD...** WHY...

I'VE BEEN LIVING **HERE** THESE TEN YEARS...WITH MY POOR BROTHER **SAM!**



TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY I'M YOUR FRIEND.

SAM WAS A GREAT **SCIENTIST...** BUT HARD WORK AND STUDY SNAPPED HIS DELICATE **BRAIN...** HE BECAME... AS YOU SEE HIM NOW.



...I COULDN'T BEAR TO HAVE HIM SENT TO A PUBLIC **ASYLUM**...AND I COULDN'T STAND THE EMBARRASSMENT OF KEEPING HIM WITH ME IN THE CITY...I TOOK HIM HERE, WHERE WE'VE LIVED QUITE HAPPILY AND UNMOLESTED...UNTIL THAT THUG **NIFTY NICK** FORECLOSED...I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL BECOME OF US WHEN HE TAKES OVER.....

HE CAN'T.. IF YOU APPEAR WITH THE **MONEY...** AND I'LL SUPPLY YOU WITH THAT!

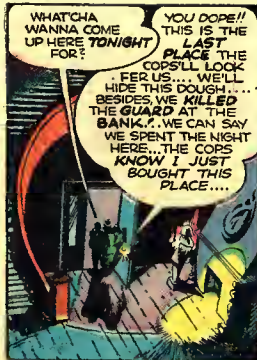


LOOK!! HERE COMES **NIFTY** AND SOME OF HIS MEN NOW!!

WE'LL GET RID OF THEM... **EBONY** HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE A **GHOST?**

YASSUH... BUT AH'M GONNA BE A AWFUL **SCARED** GHOST!





FRIGHTENED, NIFTY BACKS AWAY,
PUMPING SHOTS INTO THE ON-
COMING HULK....

KEEP
AWAY!!



BUT SAM DOES NOT FLINCH



YEEOWWW!!
GHOSTS!



TERROR-STRICKEN, NIFTY RACES
TO THE CAR...

WE GOTTA GET
OUTTA HERE
FAST!

HEY!
TAKE IT
EASY ON
DESE
CURVES!



LOOK OUT!!
ANOTHER CAR'S
COMIN'
AT US!

COPS!!



HALF MAD WITH FRIGHT, HE
SWERVES...HURLING OVER THE
CLIFF...



BACK IN THE OLD HOUSE...

I'M TERRIBLY
SORRY ABOUT
SAM....

I'VE BURIED
HIM
NEAR THE
HOUSE... PER-
HAPS IT WAS FOR
THE BEST.

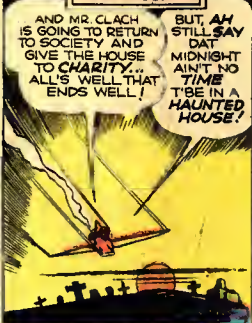
YEAH.
AN' DOSE
KILLERS
FALL FO'
DE
MIRROR
TRICK...AN'
RUN OFF DE
CLIFF!



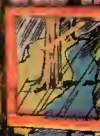
AND AS THE DAWN BREAKS OVER
WILDWOOD....

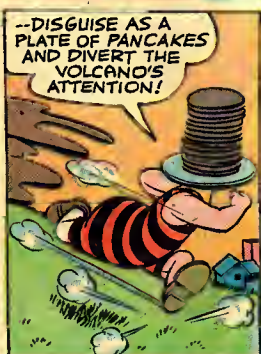
AND MR. CLACH
IS GOING TO RETURN
TO SOCIETY AND
GIVE THE HOUSE
TO CHARITY...
ALL'S WELL THAT
ENDS WELL!

BUT, AH
STILL SAY
DAT
MIDNIGHT
AIN'T NO
TIME
T'BE IN A
HAUNTED
HOUSE!



Y
E
E
O
O
W





DESTINY

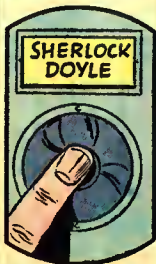


FROM OUT OF NOWHERE COMES **DESTINY**.. GIFTED WITH THE OCCULT POWERS OF FORESEEING DEATH, DISASTER AND ALL EVIL! HE USES THESE STRANGE POWERS TO FIGHT FOR LAW AND ORDER... LET US FOLLOW HIM ON A STRANGE ADVENTURE, WHERE HE MEETS JUSTICE -- BLIND JUSTICE, WHO REALLY ISN'T BLIND!

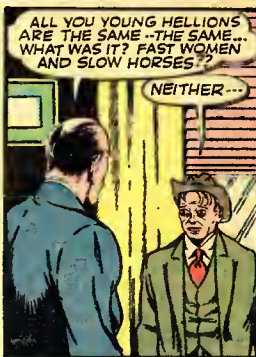
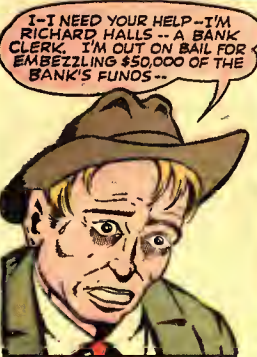
A HALF-RUNNING, HALF-STUMBLING FIGURE MAKES HIS WAY DOWN A QUIET STREET....



HIS NERVOUS FINGER PUSHES A BELL BUTTON...



THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND HE ENTERS....



HE--HE'S DEAD!!



MEANWHILE, DESTINY DOZES IN HIS DEN -- BUT IT IS NOT A PEACEFUL SLEEP --

UH! ... SSSSS
TROUBLE -- SOME ONE --



SHOT..
MURDER..



SUDDENLY HE JUMPS UP --
IN A COLD SWEAT !! ...

THERE'S BEEN A MURDER
COMMITTED! -- MAYBE I
CAN STILL GET THE
KILLER ---



GOING INTO A TRANCE,
DESTINY, BY THE AID
OF HIS POWERS, IS
ABLE TO TRANSFER
HIS BEING FROM THE
PRESENT SPOT TO
THAT OF THE CRIME...



H-HELLO??
ARE YOU
FRIEND--
OR FOE?

FRIEND! SAY! --
YOU'RE SHERLOCK
DOYLE, THE BLIND
DETECTIVE!



YES--
AND YOU?

I'M
DESTINY!

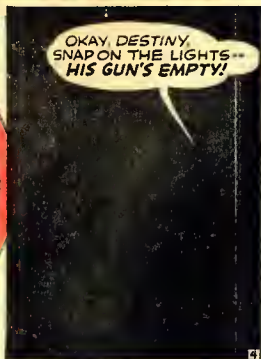
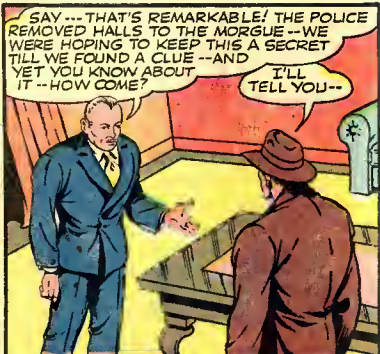
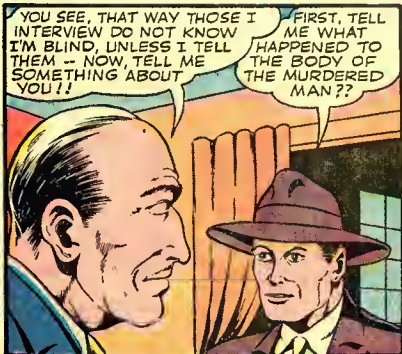
DESTINY! I'VE HEARD
OF YOU -- YOU'RE NEW IN
THE FIELD OF CRIME-
FIGHTING! LET'S SIT
DOWN AND TALK!



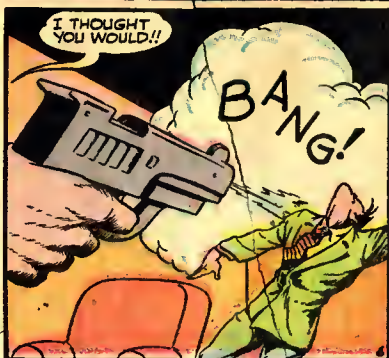
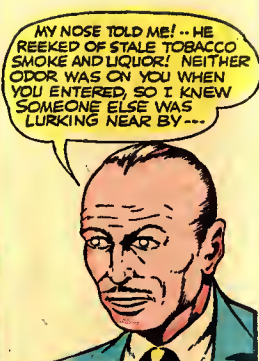
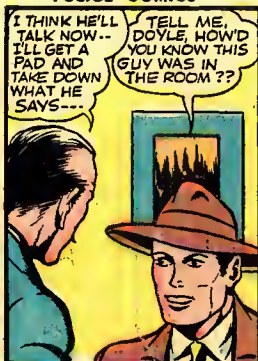
ER-AH--IN
FRONT OF
YOU -- THAT
TABLE, MR.
DOYLE, BE
CAREFUL!

DON'T WORRY,
DESTINY! I KNOW
EVERY INCH OF THIS
ROOM -- EXACTLY WHERE
EVERYTHING IS PLACED!
THAT'S WHY I GET
AROUND HERE SO WELL!











MANHUNTER

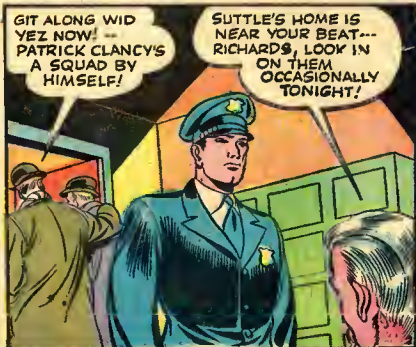
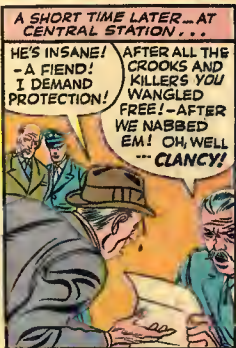
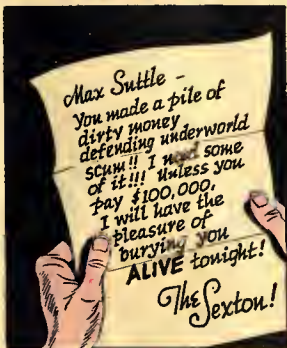
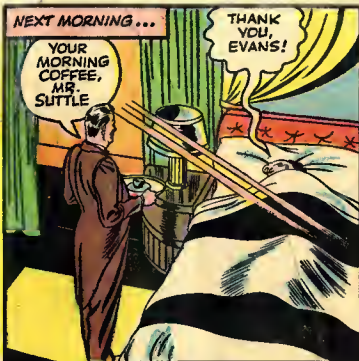


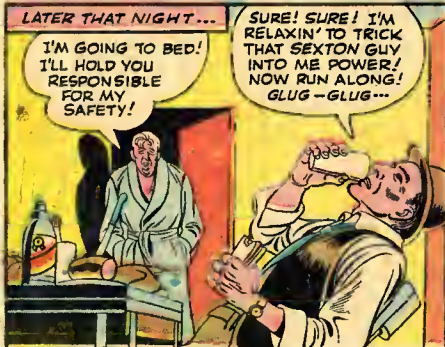
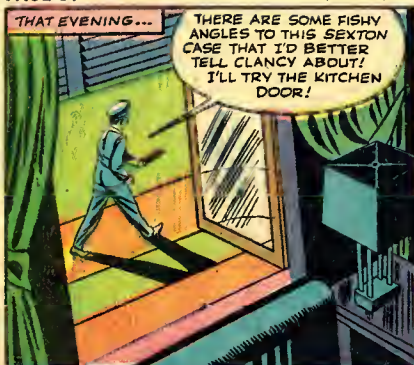
SOMBRE, BLACK-CLOTHED, HE STALKS THE NIGHT LIKE A SHADOW OF THE EVIL HE PERSONIFIES...

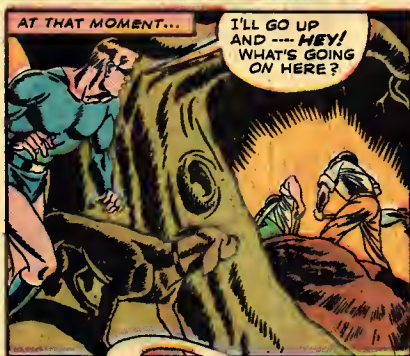
"I AM **THE SEXTON!**" HIS SONOROUS VOICE ROLLS OUT...
"IT IS MY BUSINESS TO BURY MEN -- WHETHER THEY BE DEAD OR ALIVE!"

MIDNIGHT... IN THE LUXURIOUS BEDROOM OF MAX SUTTLE, NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL LAWYER...







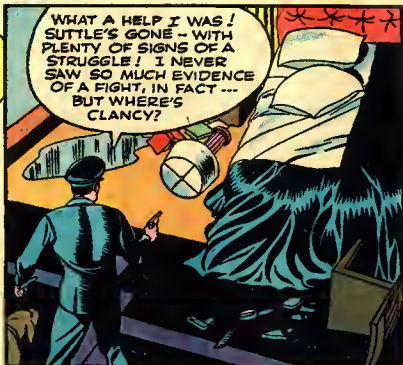


HALF AN HOUR LATER...

OH-HH! WHAT A
SOCKO! -- THOR! --
YOU'RE OKAY? -- H-HOLY
SMOKE! -- THEY'VE
FINISHED THEIR JOB
AND BEAT
IT!



WHAT A HELP I WAS!
SUTTLE'S GONE -- WITH
PLENTY OF SIGNS OF A
STRUGGLE! I NEVER
SAW SO MUCH EVIDENCE
OF A FIGHT, IN FACT ---
BUT WHERE'S
CLANCY?



#&%&!%!
THIS #@!!
HAT!

TCH-TCH! CLANCY!
SUCH LANGUAGE!
WHAT'S THE NOTE
YOUR HOLDING? --
A LOVE-LETTER?



NOW WHERE
DID THAT COME
FROM AND WHO
COULD IT BE
FROM?

WHY
NOT
LOOK AT
IT AND
FIND OUT?



*Suttle lies in his grave
- but not DEAD!
If his ransom is
raised within 24 hours
I'll tell you how to
free him! Don't dig
at his grave - a bomb
set there will kill
him and YOU!
Listen to the radio!*

The Sexton!!



ER-ER-- I
BEG PARDON---

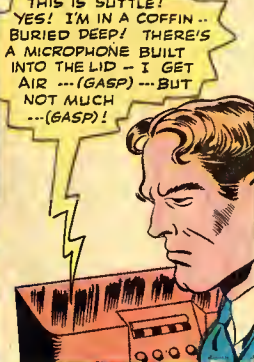
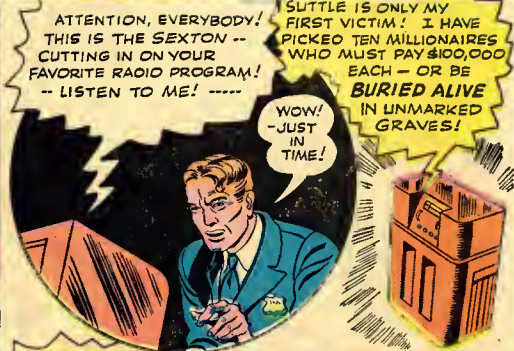
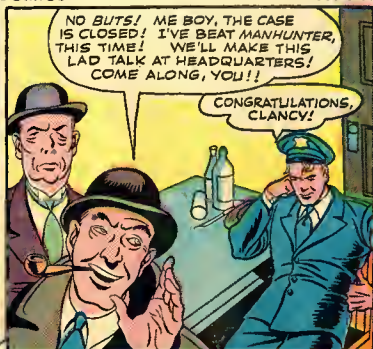
EVANS, THE
BUTLER!
AH-HA-A!



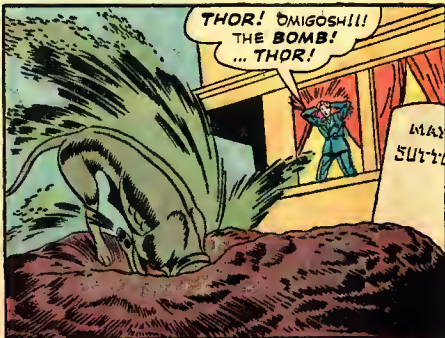
GOTCHA, MY FINE
GRAVE-DIGGER! CROOKS
ALLUS RETURNS TO THE
SCENE OF THEIR CRIMES!
QUICK, HOW DO
WE DIG HIM
UP?

I--ER-WHAT'S
THE MEANING
OF THIS?





THAT WAS SUTTE,
ALL RIGHT! HIS VOICE
WAS TOO CLEAR TO
MISTAKE IT! --HMM!
I WONDER? --
WHERE'S
THOR?



THOR! OMIGOSH!!!
THE BOMB!
... THOR!

MAX
SUTTE

BUT SOMEONE ELSE SEEMS TO BE
WORRIED ABOUT THOR! ...

HEY! GET THAT
DOG! POOCH
OFFA THERE!

BLAST THE CUR!
THAT'S MANHUNTER'S
DOG! SHOOT 'IM!

GRR-RR!



DOES IT
HURT
MUCH?

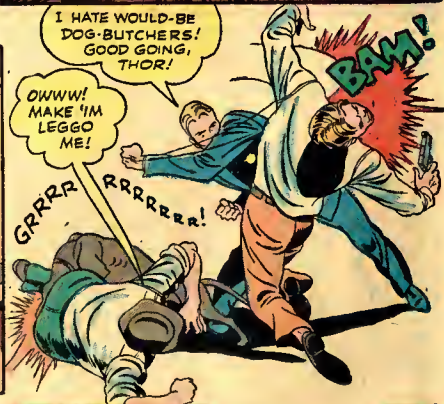
OHHHHH!
ODDDOWW!



I HATE WOULD-BE
DOG-BUTCHERS!
GOOD GOING,
THOR!

OWWW!
MAKE 'IM
LEGGIO
ME!

GRRRR RRRRRR!



BETTER TAKE AN
ANAESTHETIC! --
MY BRAND!

SPLAT!



SO THERE'S A BOMB
IN THERE! IT DIDN'T
SEEM TO KEEP THOSE
TWO AWAY -- AND THEY
DIDN'T LOOK VERY
BRAVE ...



I THOUGHT SO!
THE BOTTOM OF THE
GRAVE -- AND NO BOMB
-- AND NO COFFIN CONTAINING
THE MISSING SUTLE!
**A DUMMY
GRAVE!**



THE CELLAR!! AND I'M
BEGINNING TO GET A
PRETTY CLEAR IDEA
ABOUT THIS WHOLE
CASE! COME ON,
THOR!



MEANWHILE -- DOWN AT
POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

CONFESS!
WE KNOW YOU'RE THE
SEXTON! HOW DO
WE GET THAT
GRAVE OPEN?
SPEAK UP!

I TELL
YOU, I'M
NOT!



I CERTAINLY HOPE
YOU'RE RIGHT,
CLANCY!

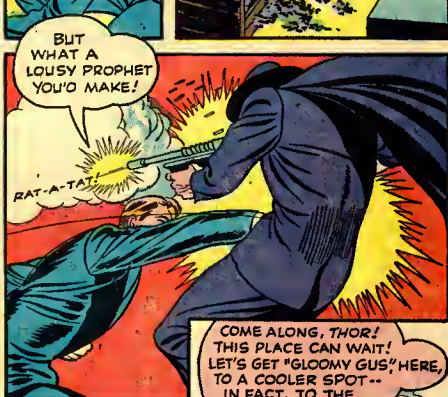
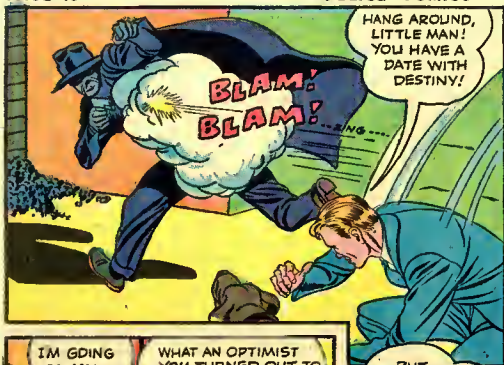
I'M --
-- (PUFF!) --
ALWAYS RIGHT!
HOLD ON! HE'S
BEGINNING TO
CRACK!

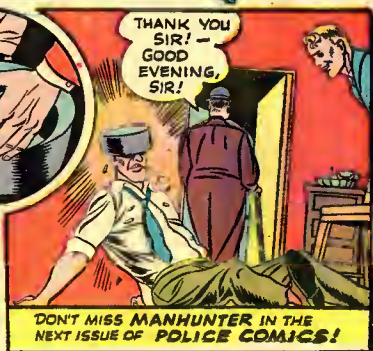
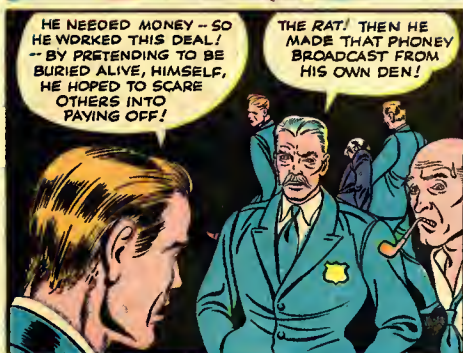
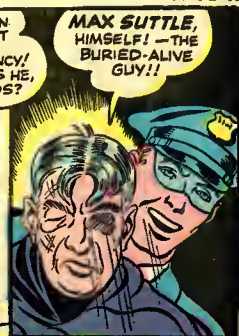


WHAT THE ---! THOR! BACK, FELLA!
LET HIM ALONE, BOY! HE'S MY
MEAT! YOU HAD THE
OTHER ONE!

GRRRR-RRR-RR!







PHANTOM LADY

FRANK M. BORTH Features.

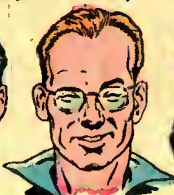


This story might be called "MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS," except for the fact that it occurred on Lake Erie. You see **Sandra Knight** (it's she with the smile) is spending a week end at the summer home of a friend who draws comic strips for a living. Now this friend, whom everyone calls "Jake," is just a little bit bugs about speed boats and aquaplaning. What all this has to do with a murder will be found on the following five pages, but first you had better meet the other people involved in the story.

First there is **Don**, then **Jake**, and **Heidi**, a friend of Jake's and two other characters who



Sandra's
fiancee,



the comic
strip artist,



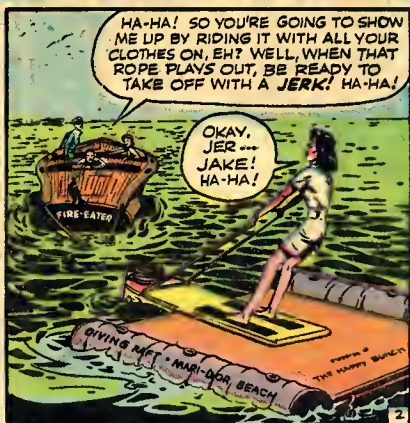
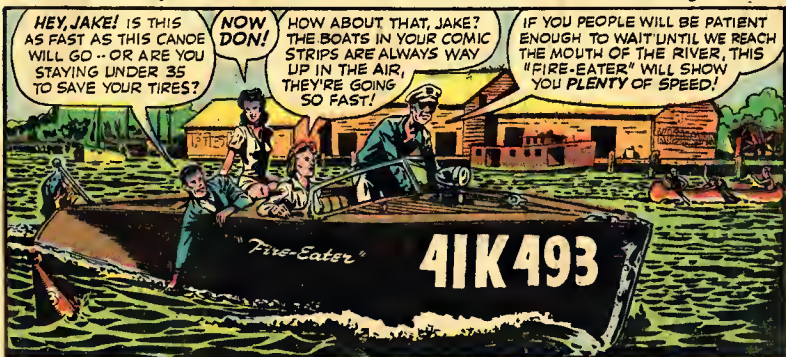
(Jake does all right,
doesn't he?)

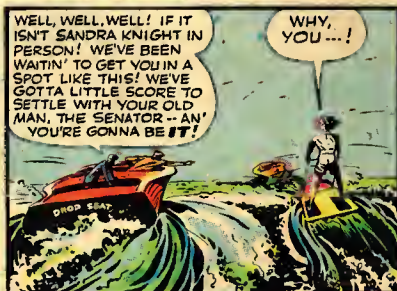
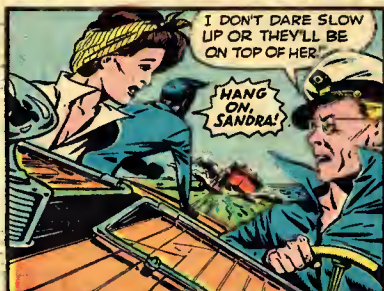


are always so far in the
background that no one
knows what they look like!



... and this is how it happens. Sandra and Don, Jake and Heidi are just shoving off in Jake's 150-horsepower nineteen-foot runabout (it runs about five miles on a gallon of gasoline!)





CUTTING SHARPLY, THE MYSTERIOUS BOAT LUNGES DIRECTLY AT SANDRA!!

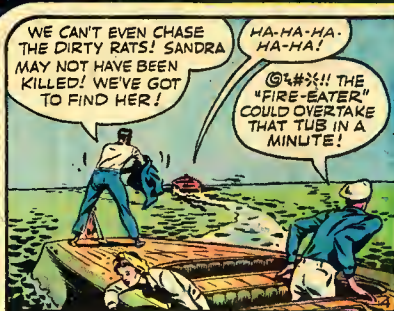
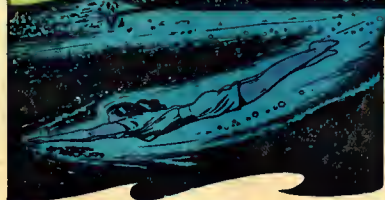
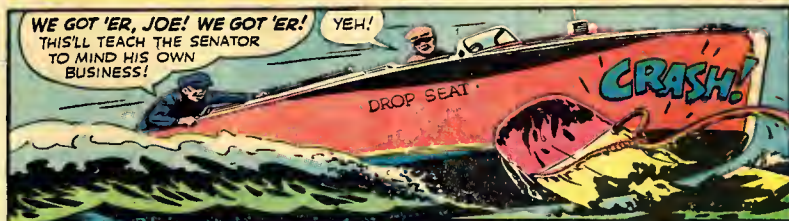
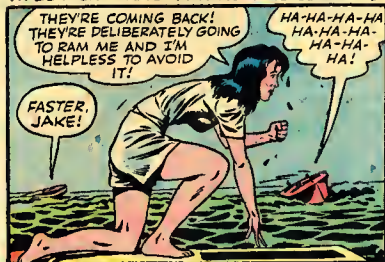


BUT SANDRA KNOWS HER AQUAPLANING! SHIFTING HER WEIGHT, SHE SWINGS AWAY IN A WIDE ARC!!

...JUST AS JAKE CUTS HIS MOTOR, CAUSING THE KILLERS TO OVERSHOOT THEIR MARK!!



... BUT SANDRA'S TOW-ROPE IS SEVERED BY THE CHURNING PROPELLER, LEAVING HER STRANDED!



BUT SANDRA CALLS UPON THE COURAGE THAT MAKES HER FAMOUS AS THE PHANTOM LADY AND DIVES JUST A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE ROARING BOAT LUNGES THROUGH AND SPLINTERS THE AQUAPLANE!

BUT WITH POWERFUL STROKES SANDRA HAS SWUM UNDER-WATER UNTIL SHE COMES UP NEXT TO AN ANCHORED CABIN CRUISER....

NOW TO BECOME PHANTOM LADY AND FIND OUT WHY SANDRA KNIGHT HAS BECOME SO UNPOPULAR!

GOOD!
NO ONE
ABOARD!



I'VE DIVED
THREE TIMES!
PERHAPS SHE'S
SEEN SANDRA!



JAKE! LOOK! THERE'S
A GIRL WAVING TO US FROM
THAT CRUISER! IT LOOKS
LIKE ...THE PHANTOM LADY!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE GIRL WHO
WAS RUN DOWN! SHE CAME UP NEAR
MY BOAT! MY MEN ARE TAKING CARE
OF HER! GIVE ME THE WHEEL!
WE'RE GOING AFTER THOSE
KILLERS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER... THE "FIRE-EATER" HAS OVERTAKEN
THE CRAFT OF THE WOULD-BE MURDERERS!

LOOK OUT!
THEY'RE
SHOOTING
AT US!

WHAT'LL WE
DO? WE'RE
DEFENSELESS!

BUT LOOK! THEY'RE
TURNING! THEY'LL
TRY TO RAM US!
THIS WILL BE A
DUEL TO THE END OF
EITHER THEM OR US!
ARE YOU WITH ME?

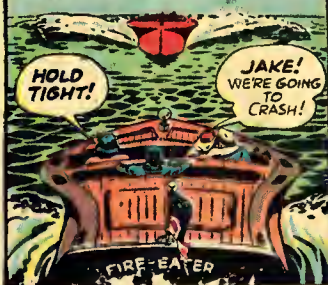


THE KILLERS TRY TO JOCKEY FOR POSITION,
BUT THE PHANTOM LADY PREFERS TO MEET
HER ADVERSARY HEAD ON!

PHANTOM LADY HOLDS DOGGEDLY TO HER COURSE!
A COLLISION IS ALMOST INEVITABLE! ...THE GUNMEN,
HOWEVER, ARE NOT MADE OF SUCH COURAGE!

HOLD
TIGHT!

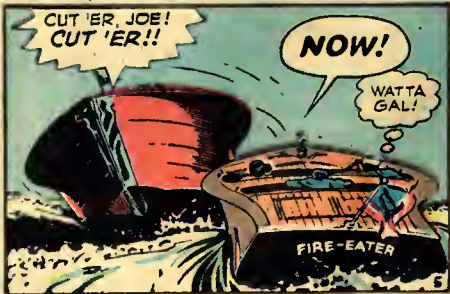
JAKE!
WE'RE GOING
TO CRASH!

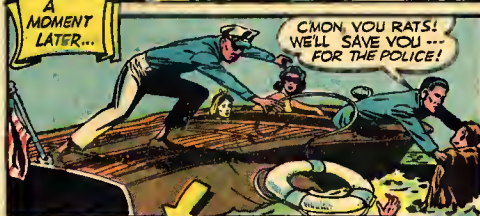
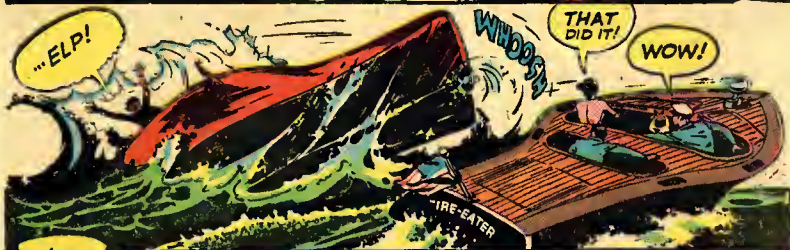


CUT 'ER, JOE!
CUT 'ER!!

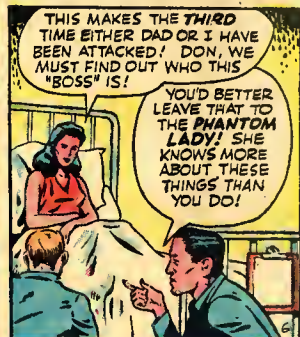
NOW!

WATTA
GAL!





LATER, AFTER THE GUNMEN HAVE BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES, PHANTOM LADY DIRECTS DON AND JAKE TO THE HOSPITAL WHERE SANDRA HAS "SUPPOSEDLY" BEEN TAKEN -- AND SHE PROMPTLY DISAPPEARS -- AS IS HER CUSTOM!



THAT DON IS A DUMB BUNNY, ISN'T HE?

SABOTAGE

THE gaping hole, debris filled, on the south side of the big Verona Airplane Works testified to the terrible damage saboteurs had wrought with one fell blow. Verona had had a siege of vandalism in the last few weeks. No one knew where next the dirty rats would strike. A few of the employees, fearing for their very lives, had resigned. Their comment ran like this:

"Why stick around there and get bumped off? There are gobs of jobs."

"What's wrong with the blankety guards? Can't they keep spies and saboteurs out of the plant?"

"Mebbe they should have guards to watch the guards," was another witticism.

At least a half dozen tragedies had occurred at Verona; so that it was no wonder everybody was jittery.

And now disaster had struck again!

The smoking ruins created by the nitro blast had leveled fifty feet of brick wall on the south side. The saboteur had aimed at one of the experimental labs where tests were being made on a timing device for fighting planes, a device to make bombing more accurate. The lab had been destroyed, all right, and all its contents—including nine workers. They lay now, sheet covered, near the wrecked portion of the building, awaiting the ambulance.

A dozen or so guards stood around, watchful, knowing the employees were eyeing them with accusing glances. And well they could. Had they caught one of the saboteurs who had been at work in the plant? No. Had they uncovered a clue? Same answer.

Several men formed in a tight little group and muttered

"Bill was a swell guy," one of them said, referring to one of the victims.

"So was Red," knew him for ten years."

"Well, I'm done," another angry worker exclaimed. "If the guards can't stop this, who can? What do we have guards for?"

Another man jumped upon a low layout table.

"Listen, you guys," he shouted. "We'll all get it eventually if we stick here. I say let's all walk out!"

"I'm with you, Jack!"

"Me, too!"

"Come on, men!"

It turned into a general walk-out. Such things circulate fast among troubled workmen. Soon every department was in a ferment. Men dropped their tools and formed in line. Testers out on the field—wing walkers and engine tune-up men—climbed down off big bombers and made for the gates. Lead men and bosses tried their best to reason. The plant superintendent made an impassioned plea near the gates. He touched upon patriotism and the great need of planes and fighting equipment. All to no avail.

In an hour the Verona Airplane Works was a ghost plant.

The heads of the firm were worried. This situation simply could not go on. Their defense contracts called for a certain output, it must be filled. But what to do?

Three days went by. Judicious argument and begging got about half the force back on the job—with substantial raises in pay. But half a force, while better than none, was not enough.

Judkins, the president of the firm, called a meeting of the officers, including heads of the guard force.

"There is only one thing that will bring men back to work," he said. "We must eradicate this sabotage. We must prove to the employees that there's no danger any longer from this business. Do you have any suggestions, gentlemen?"

"How about doubling the guard?" one asked.

Judkins pondered. "Might help some. But it isn't just a matter of making a show of guard strength. We've really got to find the answer and stop these saboteurs."

Haskell, the chief engineer, spoke: "We know this: the saboteurs are right here in the plant; not on the outside. We've got to trap 'em."

The others decided this was the only plan.

"I've asked," said Judkins, "a young detective by the name of Mace to work on the case. He'll come in as a workman, so that nobody will suspect him. None of us will know him. He'll use a fictitious name."

Haskell was dubious. "What can he do, if a hundred guards have been unable to find anything?"

"Frankly I don't know," Judkins replied. "All we can do is hope."

The increase in wages had lured many men from other plants, and a few days after the conference in Judkins' office, the plant was operating under almost a full force. Quite a number of the old employees had drifted back. The guard force was more than doubled, and the examinations of every one coming through the gates became more thorough. Lunch boxes must be opened, every package carried in by anyone had to be inspected, even the contents of bulging coat pockets must be revealed. Several days passed quietly.

A new confidence, lacking for so many weeks, grew among the men. Production stepped up. The brand new plane they had been experimenting with for seven months—the Rocket—was in the last stages of design. This was quickly followed by assembly. Then one day the gleaming fighter, eagerly awaited by the Army, was rolled out onto the testing field.

Such occasion is always something of a gala event in aircraft industry. Most of the employees knock off and turn out en masse to see the new bird, product of their own brains and fingers, take to the air.

Today, more than six thousand men crowded the sidelines of the testing field, waiting for the big plane to leap off the ground. They cheered as Bates, the test pilot, and Henderson, his co-pilot and engineer, climbed aboard. Then the engines burst into life, the plane began moving, picking up speed amazingly. Now it was lifting, lifting—

The roar and concussion knocked hundreds of men flat. A great hole in the ground, directly under where the Rocket had been, yawned. Debris fell in a shower. Debris of the new Rocket and its crew.

The great new fighter ship had blown to bits!

More than twenty men, standing near the take-off, had been blasted to eternity. The charge of nitro which had been planted aboard the ship must have been enormous.

This was a blow that almost paralyzed the entire aircraft industry. This was the worst tragedy any plant had suffered since the outbreak of war. While FBI officials soon determined that explosive had been planted in the ship, the news was kept quiet and the story circulated that the ship itself had 'blown up,' as they sometimes do. This served to keep the men at work; more sabotage would have cleaned out the factory in a hurry.

Dick Mace, alias Tony Monello, kept a close watch—as close as one man can keep—on everything in sight, and everybody. It is a pretty big order to keep eyes on five thousand men and an area of several square acres. But Dick was no ordinary lad. He was one of America's most astute detectives, with a record longer than the traffic code for trapping criminals.

Just why saboteurs had worked so hard on the Verona plant nobody could figure out. There were many other vital war plants in the Burbank area, several of them turning out more important items than Verona. Dick learned that the chief stockholder of the firm was an American who had once controlled large interests in a German munitions company and that he had fled Germany with several millions of dollars. That could be reason enough for foreign agents to be keeping close to his trail.

"But why don't they simply blow up his home?" President Judkins wanted to know. "That would be the thing."

Dick shook his head. "It's not him they want so much; it's his fortune, prestige. They want to break him, ruin his business."

That seemed logical to Judkins. "Well, what now?" he asked. "Do you think they are done?"

"No. They don't give up that easily. We must find a way to trap them, or there'll be more trouble."

There was. It struck the next night, just after the graveyard shift had gone to work. It tore through the main boiler plant, where sections of ships were being constructed for the Coast Guard ice break service. It demolished a quarter section, twisted and warped piles of heavy steel plate, ruined several machines—and killed six men. There were a score of wounded.

With the doubled vigilance

at the main gates, nobody could figure how the explosive had been carried in. All trucks and delivery vehicles entering the plant had been thoroughly searched, even their gas tanks inspected for concealed tanks inside. Spare tires had been opened up. Every man had been subjected to a regular shake-down. . . .

As we have noted above, all employees going through the main gates with lunch boxes, were forced to open them and reveal their contents. Sandwiches, a glass of salad, a bit of celery and a thermos bottle of coffee or milk. That was the usual food.

But Dick Mace suddenly got a bright idea. At least he thought it might be a bright one. He ordered the captain of the guards to open each thermos bottle and test the contents. This was done for three days, but nothing suspicious was found. He then ordered that each man hand over his thermos bottle. The guards then poured the contents out, each man to be reimbursed for his coffee or milk.

The morning this order went into effect (secretly), thirty-seven men passed through the gates and watched their coffee spill out into a tub. The next man refused to hand over his bottle and tried to bolt. A guard drew his gun and stopped him. You can probably guess the rest.

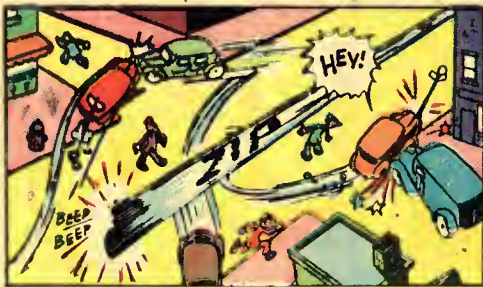
The thirty-eighth man's thermos bottle had a false top, filled with a few ounces of hot coffee. Below that the compartment was filled with nitro-glycerine! Five more were caught with identical bottles. They would bring them in each morning, pour the lethal contents into a common vessel and, when the supply was large enough, there would be a terrible explosion.

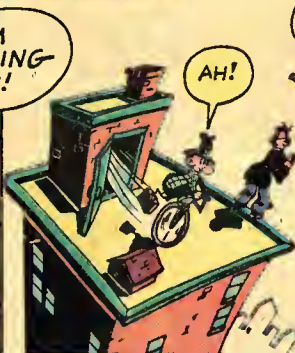
That ends this tale of sabotage in defense plants. It is hoped that Dick Mace's idea will be put into use in any plant where sabotage is taking place.

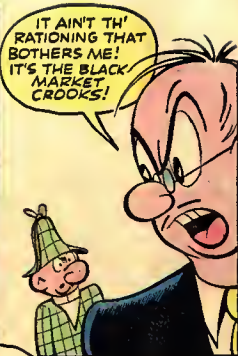
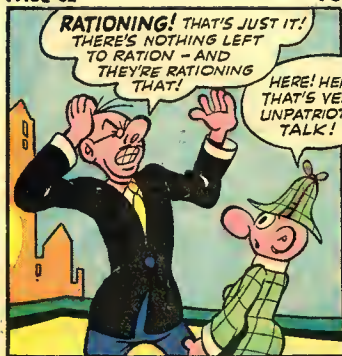
WATCH OUT, KIDS!

FLAT FOOT BURNS

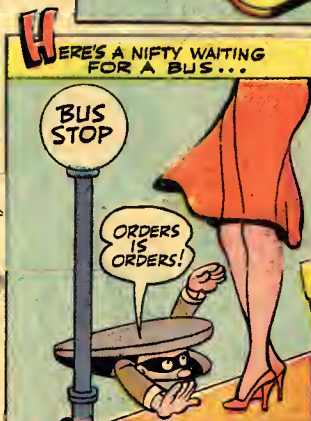
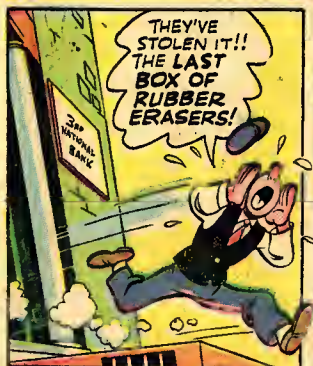
THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE
IS HEADING
THIS WAY!

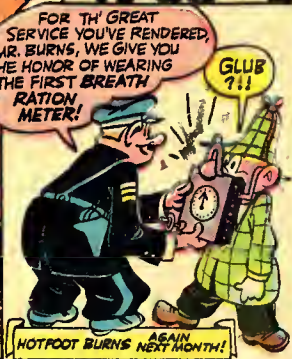
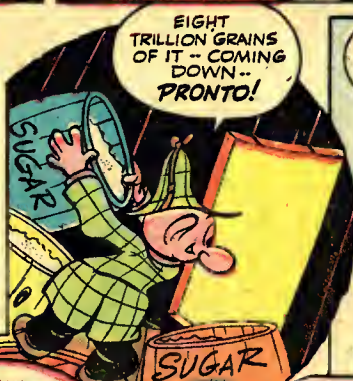












SUPER SNOOPER

EVER ON THE ALERT FOR SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS, BE THEY SABOTEURS OR PETTY RACKETEERS, SNOOPER IS WALKING THE STREETS IN SEARCH OF SUSPECTS...

HMM... THAT GUY'S ACTIN' AWFUL SUSPICIOUS... BETTER FOLLOW HIM...



HE DUCKED INTO THIS BASEMENT... UP TO SOME SHADOWY BUSINESS, NO DOUBT!



WHAT THE SNOOPER SAW!



THE TRAIL'S GETTIN' HOT... WONDER WHAT'S IN THE PACKAGE!



I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING THAT LUG KNOWS I'M FOLLOWIN' HIM!

I'VE A FUNNY FEELING HE'S FOLLOWING ME!



I'LL DUCK THAT SQUIRT IF IT TAKES ALL DAY!



THINKS HE CAN ESCAPE SNOOPER SNOOPER EH? OH-OH! HE'S GOIN' INTO A DOORWAY - NOW MAYBE I CAN NAB HIM WITH THE GOODS!



MY GOSH! IT'S COLD HERE IN MY HOUSE SINCE WE USED UP OUR RATION OF FUEL OIL!



BUT NOW IT WON'T BE COLD HERE ANY MORE - THANKS TO THAT BOOTLEGGERS!

HMMM! NOTHING IN THE PACKAGE!



AH! ONE CUBIC FOOT OF HOT AIR! AND IT'S MINE - ALL MINE - THEY CAN'T TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME!



THE HUMAN BOMB



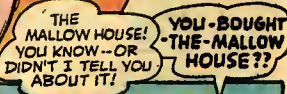
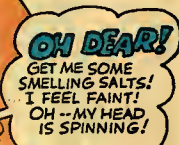
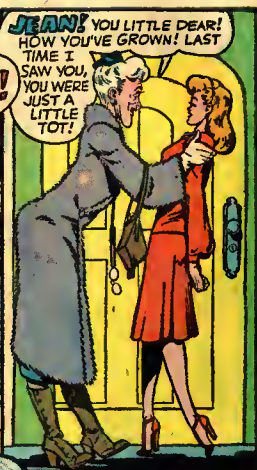
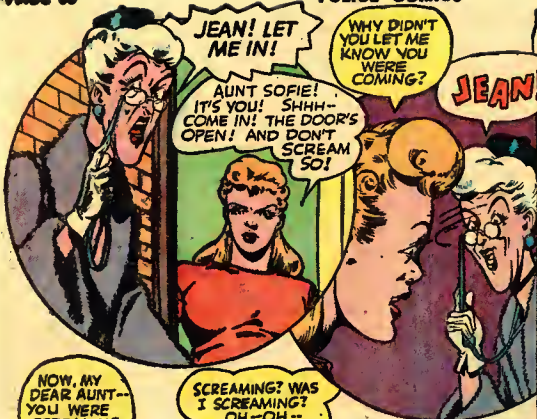
R OY LINCOLN HAD A FIANCEE NAMED JEAN...
AND SHE HAS AN AUNT SOFIE... AND...
AUNT SOFIE HAS A HAUNTED HOUSE...
AND... THAT'S PLENTY!

A SUDDEN HIGH-PITCHED
SCREAMING SHAKES
THE VERY HINGES OF
JEAN'S FRONT DOOR!

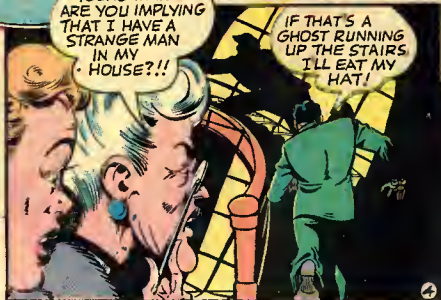
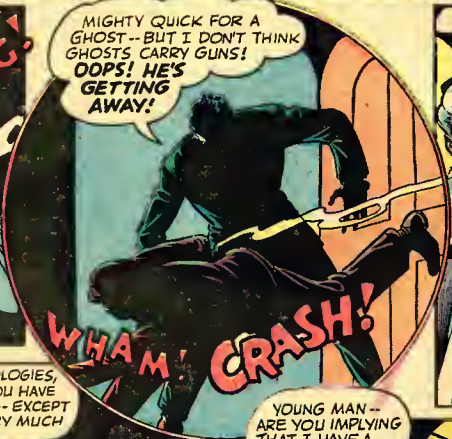
WHAT A RACKET!
AND FROM THE
SOUND OF IT,
I'D SAY IT
WAS A
WOMAN!

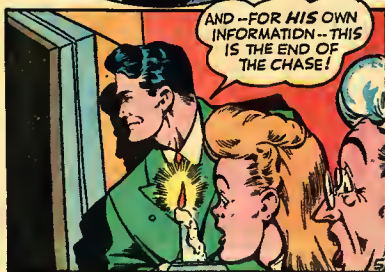
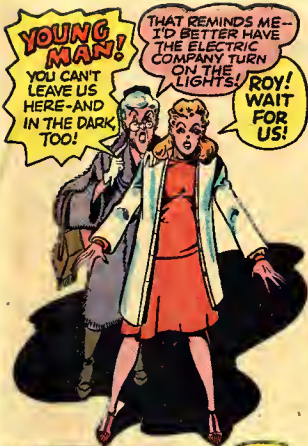
YES!
I HAVEN'T
HEARD
SCREAMING
LIKE THAT SINCE
THE LAST TIME
AUNT SOFIE
VISITED HERE!...
ALL RIGHT!
I'M COMING!



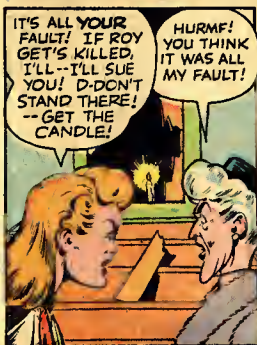
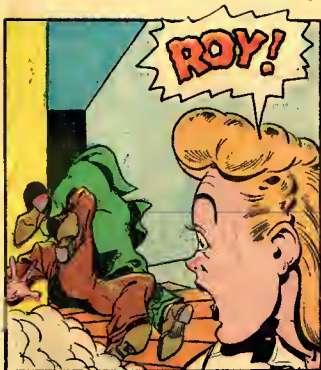


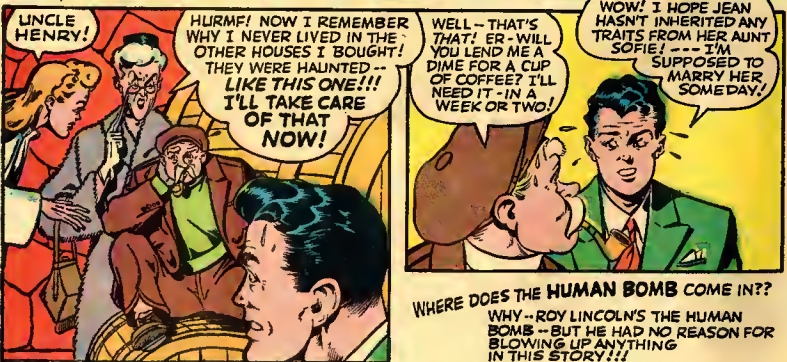
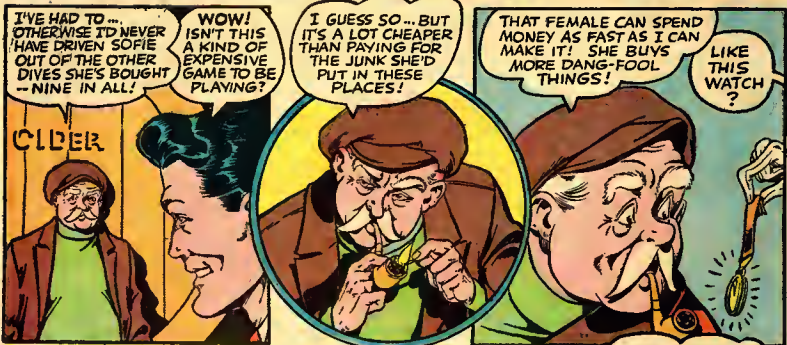
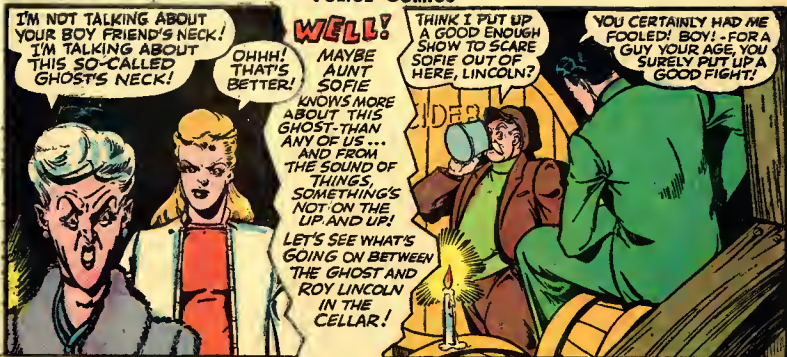












GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

OH THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!
"SAVE THE RUBBER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM,
(IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!)

SO UP COMES DEAR OLD GRAND-DAD WITH THIS VERY SMART IDEA—
"IT'S SURE TO CLICK," HE TELLS US, "AND CAUSE OUR FRIENDS TO CHEER."
"I REMEMBER," HE RECALLS, "WHEN I WAS JUST A BRIGHT YOUNG SWAIN,
"WE'D CYCLE THROUGH THE VALLEY AND STREET AND COUNTRY LANE."

"WE'D NEVER RACE ON HILLS OR SLOPES—INSTEAD WE'D GENTLY BRAKE,
"WE'D KEEP AWAY FROM ROCKS AND STONES, TOO HARD FOR TIRES TO TAKE."
"SO LET'S ALL PLAN—RESOLVE RIGHT NOW—NO DISTANT, FAR TOMORROW—
"TO SAVE OUR BIKES AND TIRES WITH THE HELP OF BRAKES BY 'MORROW'."



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